

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Vol. 1.

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## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month  
BY THE

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of  
Cruelty to Animals,

AT THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS,

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GEORGE T. ANGELL . . . . . President.  
CEPHAS BRIGHAM . . . . . Secretary.  
J. W. DENNY . . . . . Agent.  
AMOS A. LAWRENCE . . . . . Treasurer.

### Our Paper.

Our first edition was 200,000 for general distribution through the country. Our subsequent editions have been 20,000 each, the balance of which, after supplying members and subscribers, we have distributed gratuitously. As we have before said, this is the only paper in the world, so far as our knowledge extends, which is devoted to the interest of dumb animals, and intended for the people. Its cost is simply the cost of its printing, all editorial duties being performed without charge, and every dollar received is expended in giving it wider circulation. With schools, Sunday schools, and all who wish to circulate the paper for the purpose of doing good, we shall make the price satisfactory. If you are poor, you shall have the paper at the bare cost of printing and sending; if too poor to pay that, you shall have it for nothing, so far as we have means to send it. Our aim is to extend its circulation until it shall reach every part of our country, and its influence be felt wherever civilization is known. For this we ask money from those able to give; services from those who can aid us as canvassers or otherwise; stories

and communications, original or selected, from those who can give interest to our columns. In short, we say to all and each of you who read this, Are we trying to do a good work? Then aid us as God has given you power.

### How and Where have you distributed your Paper?

With the present edition, we shall have distributed since June about 260,000 copies of our paper, in addition to which, prior to its publication, we distributed about 36,000 copies of a circular setting forth the objects and plans of our society. How was it done? By authority of the Mayor and Police Committee of the Aldermen of Boston, we distributed the circulars through seventeen policemen detailed by the Chief for that duty, and reporting to the President of the Society. The first edition of our paper was also distributed in Boston by the city police; in the various other cities of the State through their city authorities; in a large number of the towns in the State by members of the Legislature; in other towns by postmasters and friends. Out of the State, in the principal cities and towns of New England, and elsewhere, by postmasters and others. In doing this, we first put into the hands of the Board of Aldermen of this city our paper, and asked their aid. We then addressed a letter to all members of the Legislature, asking them to distribute to their constituents, and placed a copy of the letter, together with a copy of our paper, on every desk of both Senate and House. We then procured from the postmaster of Boston a letter to postmasters throughout the country, asking their assistance, and sent a printed copy of it, together with a statement of what Boston and the Legislature had done for us, accompanied by twenty copies of the paper to the postmaster, mayor and aldermen of every city in the State, and accompanied by ten copies, to the postmaster and selectmen of every town, offering to send by express a supply for their respective towns and

cities, and asking if they would distribute. We pursued the same plan with nearly all the cities and important towns of New England, and several at the West. We sent a thousand copies of our paper to New York, a thousand to Philadelphia, a considerable number to Western cities, and some to Europe. We have tried hard to reach every town in the State, and many out, and are still corresponding and striving to extend the area. In the distribution of the first and all subsequent editions, we have endeavored, so far as lay in our power, to reach city and State authorities, judges, editors, clergymen, teachers and teachers' conventions, colleges, seminaries, authors, poets, lecturers and writers. We want to get at the sources of influence, and wake up, in behalf of our dumb friends, the intellects that can, if they will, wake up the world.

Law is important, and prosecutions a necessary part of its machinery; but when we can enlist the writers, the poets and the orators, the men and women who make the ballads and sing the songs of the nation, then will come such a revolution as humanity has never witnessed.

### "Canvassers."

We want canvassers in every city and town of this country where canvassers are not already at work. We will make liberal terms with all suitable persons, either men or women, who are willing to aid us in that capacity. Write or apply to our secretary, with certificate of some clergyman, selectman, postmaster or other well-known person of your town, that you are an honest and suitable person for this work.

### Check-Reins.

We are glad to observe, that in Boston many drivers are discontinuing the use of these useless and painful inventions. Others are driving their horses with very loose check-reins. In Russia, such a thing is never used as a blind or a check-rein.

**"Fruit."**

We begin to see already, not only in our own city and State, but elsewhere, the fruit of the seed we have been sowing. In Davenport, Iowa, through the exertions of Robert McIntosh, Esq., with whom we have been in correspondence, and through whom we have distributed our paper there, another society has been organized for the prevention of cruelty to animals. God speed the work! May it go on until the whole brotherhood of man, of every nation and creed, shall recognize and accept the divine attribute of mercy.

**One of our Prosecutions.**

Several letters have been received seeking information in regard to one of the cases prosecuted by us during the past month,—the case of O. W. Young, of South Boston, prosecuted for failing to provide a sick horse with proper food, drink, protection from the weather, &c. We would say, that the horse was mercifully killed on the day of trial, and the teamster was fined in the Municipal Court \$50 and costs, amounting to \$63.55.

**"Cattle Disease."**

Prof. Gamgee says: "It is my opinion that crowding, ill treatment, or neglect of cattle in their transportation, has much to do with the spread of the malady."

Prof. Horsford, of Harvard University, who investigated for the subsistence department of the United States army, says: "Cattle weighing 1,500 pounds on the hoof, at Chicago, are estimated to lose 200 pounds of dressed meat by transportation in cars to Boston." Prof. Agassiz says: "Let me call your attention to the dangers arising from the ill treatment of beef cattle before slaughtering them." Medical Inspector Hamlin, in his notes on the alimentation of armies, shows that the flesh of mammalia undergoes great change by reason of fasting, disturbance of sleep and long continued suffering, resulting in its not only becoming worthless, but deleterious. The butchers of New York, who formerly tried to keep hogs in that city on the blood of Western cattle, brought over the railroads, say that the hogs all died within a month or six weeks, and often in less time, while butchers who dress their beef near where it is fattened, and in healthy condition, say there can be no better or more wholesome food for hogs than beef's blood.

President Bergh says in his address before the Farmers' Club of New York: "I venture to declare that not one person out of five thousand pauses to reflect on the probable health and general physical condition at the time of the death of the animal he is about to dine on. Were he to do so, or what is still better, were he to journey to the West as far as Chicago, and after observing the great cattle yards there, and the manner of treating the helpless brute consigned to the care of beings wearing the form of men, but possessed by the instinct of devils, then take passage back to this city on a cattle train and note the accumulating tortures heaped upon these inoffending prisoners,—were he to do this, I say, I hazard little in affirming that his appetite for such kinds of animal food would receive a shock not to be forgotten for the remainder of his days. From the confines of Texas even to the wharves of the metropolis are these creatures, the offspring, like ourselves, of Omnipotent Power, doomed to endure on foot the ceaseless motion of the train, deprived of food and water from four, even to six days, as I have been informed, exposed to the blazing rays of the summer sun and the freezing blasts of the winter's wind."

"Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and did not put a soul into."

**Bleeding of Calves.**

In the town of Warren, in this State, where there are several slaughtering establishments, we are informed that the practice of making veal unwholesome, by bleeding calves before they are butchered, has been entirely discontinued; also, the practice of carrying calves tied. The latter practice is being generally discontinued through the State, and we have no doubt that, as our people become aware of the deleterious effect on veal of bleeding animals before they are killed, that custom, also, will cease. We wish every one would carefully read the evidence on this subject in the June number of this paper.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF HEALTH,  
CITY HALL, BOSTON, August 25, 1868.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Esq., *President of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:*

Dear Sir,—In answer to your inquiry respecting the use of whips by the drivers of city teams, I have to say that no whips of any kind are supplied or permitted to be used, for the reason that I have no faith in the necessity of the use of any weapon in the proper management of horses. In my judgment few if any horses need the use of any whip to insure their prompt obedience, unless, as is too often the case, they are overloaded or urged beyond reasonable endurance.

Yours, with respect,

EZRA FORRESTALL, *Supt. of Health.*

**Letter Received.**

PROVIDENCE, July 27, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—Please find inclosed three dollars for which I would like copies of "Our Dumb Animals" sent to the following persons, &c.

I can scarcely find words to express my gratitude to you for the part you have taken in a reform so much needed. As soon as I heard of the society that had been organized in Massachusetts, I asked myself "What can I do?" I am an invalid, confined to my bed, but I must do something to help a work in which I am so much interested. It occurred to me that by subscribing for your paper and sending it where it would do good, and also by obtaining subscribers, I might forward this great work; and I commenced immediately trying to interest others, and shall continue to do so as I am able, hoping to send you more soon. From childhood, the sufferings of animals have weighed so heavily on my mind that at times I could scarcely rise above the despondency caused by the recital of cruelties perpetrated around me. *It has always been a wonder to me that Christian ministers and other good people have not agitated the subject more. I never heard a sermon upon it, and yet it is a foul blot on our Christianity. I never saw a Christian man or woman refuse to enter a car or omnibus because the horses were overloaded, or not in a fit condition to be driven; and yet I consider humanity to animals as much a part of Christianity as praying and preaching.* I have asked myself many times if there was anything I could do to stay this great evil. After hearing of the cruel manner of slaughtering calves, I refused to eat veal, and though many laughed at me, wondering what good that would do, *I have always replied, that such inhumanity would cease at once if all took that stand.*

My warmest thanks are due to you for opening another way for me to do good in this cause. Unless I am worse, you will probably hear from me again. My prayer is, that the richest of blessings may be showered upon you for the noble stand you have taken in this reform. Yours truly,

HARRIET N. HAVENS.

**LINES**

Addressed by a Rhode Island Lady to the people of Massachusetts who have formed a "Society for the Protection of Animals."

Hail, people of the "good old pilgrim State!"  
Whose pride it is your race to elevate;  
Who now, in wisdom, have devised the plan  
To give the beast his right as well as man!  
God speed the work, until from shore to shore,  
Humanity shall reign forevermore!  
The animals, created for our use,  
Have suffered long unmerited abuse;  
While men and boys, in every passing hour,  
Have tortured speechless brutes left in their power.  
This land of ours, which "gave to freedom birth,"  
The Eldorado to the oppressed of earth;  
Whose glittering spires a better thing proclaim,  
Too long has suffered with the guilt and shame!  
O! may each mother feel within her heart  
That in this work God bids her bear a part;  
And teach her children kindness, faithfully,  
"Till all mankind practice humanity." A. E. H.

**Killing Butterflies.**

Stopping at the seashore a few days since we saw a number of interesting little children gathering butterflies, grasshoppers and other varieties of insects, and fastening them with pins to the side of the hotel, where the poor creatures were writhing and struggling to escape. *It was not the fault of the children.* They were very young, and knew no better. They did not once dream of the agony endured by these insects, and on being told of it, all assented to their being at once killed, and cheerfully stopped further pursuit of them. *But it was your fault, fathers and mothers of those children, and one for which God holds you accountable.* If you neglect your duties to your children in that period of life when the moulding of their characters is in your hands, and they grow up more and more merciless, until in your old age you reap the harvest you have sown, you have no one to blame but yourselves.

[From "American Agriculturist," New York.]

**Our New Policemen.**

They are wiry, spry little fellows, not so big as "Tom Thumb," but they are the most expert thief takers in the city. They are dressed in a neat uniform of gray and brown, each with feathers in his cap, and armed with a sharp instrument formed something like a pair of nippers, with which they seize maulauders, and they seldom fail to make a capture when once they give chase. Our parks, especially, have for years been infested with hordes of lawless characters, that defaced the public ornaments, disgusted the people with their vile practices, and made themselves an intolerable nuisance. Scarcely a tree or shrub was left uninjured; the walks were disfigured, and passers in their vicinity seldom escaped being pounced upon by one or more of the uncleanly tribe. Many plans were tried to repel and destroy them. Cunning traps were set to catch them; poisonous mixtures were prepared to mix with their food, and rewards were given for their capture; still they seemed to thrive and increase. At last some one suggested that a family named Sparrow lived in England, noted for their success in dealing with such ugly customers, and some of them were induced to emigrate here and practice their profession. Their success is most gratifying. Those pests, the millers, moths, canker-worms, caterpillars, measure-worms, etc., as these thieves were named, are rapidly disappearing, and the new policemen are petted by everybody. Commodious houses have been put up for them, the children divide their bread and cake with these friends, and by the help of these and other benefactors there is a prospect that the shade trees of our cities will hereafter be ornaments instead of wormeries. Now the next time you go out to try your skill as a marksman, please don't murder any of our friends who are trying their hand at thief catching in your neighborhood. Otherwise may the whole brood of unclean and rapacious insects and vermin torment you by day and haunt you by night, until you are reclaimed from thoughtlessness and ingratitude.



### Annual Report of New York Society for 1868.

It is with no little pleasure that we take up the 1868 Report of the doings of the New York Society and its warm-hearted and indefatigable President, Henry Bergh. During the past year it has received gifts from various donors, to the amount of over fifteen thousand dollars, amongst whom we are glad to recognize some names well known in Boston: Gardner R. Colby, \$250; J. C. Howe & Co., \$250; E. R. Mudge, Sawyer & Co., \$500; G. C. Richardson & Co., \$250; F. Skinner & Co., \$300; and Stanfield, Wentworth & Co., \$500. It has distributed, not including hand bills, no less than 17,500 pamphlets; has procured two hundred convictions in the courts, and erected ten public drinking fountains for men and animals; at one of which, by actual count, 850 men, women and children and 90 horses and dogs partook of the water in one day.

The Report of the Secretary, N. P. Hosack, Esq., an ably written document, contains much matter of public interest, from which we quote as follows:—

"The Society would respectfully suggest to every citizen the propriety of making it a rule to examine the condition of the animal or animals he is about to employ, and exercise a merciful discretion before entering a vehicle already sufficiently loaded."

"Coal dealers and cartmen generally should remember the condition of the streets in the winter season, and load lightly."

"At the international congress, held at Paris in August last, the second question debated was, Which is the best mode of slaughtering animals? And the result arrived at was as follows:—

"1. This congress is of the opinion that the best mode of slaughtering animals is by a blow on the head, or by the severance of the spinal vertebra; or, what is still better, both.

"2. Furthermore, the congress expresses the opinion that all animals, including calves, sheep and swine, should be rendered insensible, by one or both of the foregoing methods, before the throat is cut."

"And the congress expresses the hope that in public and private abattoirs, none but skilful persons will be permitted to slaughter animals."

"A New Milch-Cow Market.—The proprietors of the 'National Drove Yards,' One Hundredth Street and Third Avenue, have just completed a commodious and convenient building, one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, for the accommodation of dealers in milch cows. The joiner work is done in a neat and substantial manner, and the spacious roof is covered with plastic slate, which is equivalent to one unbroken piece of Vermont slate, over the entire roof. The interior arrangement speaks emphatically of the humane provision which has been made for the comfort of dumb brutes, when exposed for sale during cold and stormy weather. From one end of the building to the other, there is a broad passage, used as a feeding apartment, about fourteen feet wide. On each side is a row of stalls, where every cow can stand in a comfortable place and feed at a manger, or lie down at pleasure and enjoy rumination and quiet rest. A broad space is provided in the rear of the cows, so that dealers can pass behind as well as in front of every animal. *Heretofore, cows that were offered for sale, were confined in open yards, or tied to posts, where they were exposed to pelting storms and inclement weather.* If the market be dull, and the sellers prefer to keep their cows for better prices, they have the satisfactory assurance that their animals are in comfortable quarters, where they will not suffer from cruel exposure to wet and cold."

"A Butcher convicted for selling Diseased Meat.—Henry Gilmore, a German butcher, was arrested for offering for sale a quantity of diseased meat. The accused was taken before Justice Cornwall this morning, when he was convicted of the offence and fined fifty dollars. During the last year, Officer Waldron, who made the arrest, has seized eleven

thousand pounds of diseased meat in Brooklyn, and has had thirty butchers convicted for offering such meat for sale from their stalls.

"The following statistics are furnished us by Captain Hedden, of the Metropolitan Police Force, 20th Precinct:—

"Metropolitan Police District, Precinct No. 20, New York, May 7, 1868."

"J. MUDIE, Esq., Chief Clerk American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—SIR: During the year ending April 30, 1868, there were received at the Depot of the Contractors for removing Dead Animals, &c., from the city, the following quantities of meat, &c., which had been seized by the police department as unfit for food, viz:—

Dressed Meat.—Beef, . . . . .	44,621 lbs.
" " Mutton, . . . . .	54,831 "
" " Veal, . . . . .	45,824 "
" " Fish, . . . . .	116,520 "
" " Poultry, . . . . .	10,345 "
" " Pork, . . . . .	3,767 "
Eggs, . . . . .	20 bbls.

"Number of animals which had been brought to the city for food, but had died, sickened or had been injured while on cars or boats, and disposed of as above:—

Bullocks and cows, . . . . .	135
Calves, . . . . .	266
Hogs, . . . . .	256

"The number of animals lost in this way has been less than in former years; and I think that, by a proper enforcement of the laws regulating the transportation of animals on railroads, &c., nearly all of the loss and suffering which attend the death of these animals, could be prevented. It is said that many animals that are found sick or dead in the cars that bring live stock over the New Jersey roads (including the Erie), are taken out on the Jersey side and dressed for food, as it is known that if brought over the river they will be a total loss to the owner. Respectfully,

"HENRY HEDDEN, Captain 20th Precinct."

"It is, unfortunately, an aggravation of the miseries of the horse, that the tender care which he receives during the period of his youth, beauty and usefulness, unfits him for the vicissitudes which are almost sure to overtake him when these qualities are lost, to wit: in his age, when least able to endure them. At this moment he is generally sold by his unfeeling master, to a service which his previous care renders cruel in the last degree; and for the warm stable, healthy food and fodder, are suddenly substituted exposure, hunger and inadequate labor. Now, it is at this precise time, that the sentiment of humanity, coupled with the suggestions of economy and health, present their claims for the prevention of cruelty, by extinguishing in death that portion of his existence which would otherwise be passed in uninterrupted suffering."

"The Secretary, in concluding this Report of the proceedings of the Society for the past year, ventures to express the belief that, although a vast amount of incidental matter is necessarily omitted therefrom, there is in it ample to satisfy its members and the public at large that the Institution has more than sustained the honorable distinction it acquired during the first year of its existence, and that it now has become a fixed fact, a real power in the State for good, a defence for the defenceless, an example, monitor and trusty friend alike of man and beast. It is by no means rare to hear the Society spoken of as the most unequivocal, moral and practical success which characterizes the present era. Born, as it were, amidst the jeers and derision of a prejudiced and unreflecting community, it has successfully combated thoughtless indifference on the one hand, and on the other the cruel instincts of the ignorant and debased. The strong contrast which this metropolis bears to other cities of the Union, in its treatment of animals in the public streets, is a theme of constant comment on the part of travellers. The hand which two years ago grasped a club, and smote with senseless fury the body of an unresisting creature, to-day is represented by a slender rod, which falls in form of reasonable chastisement. Nor is the brute the only gainer by this reform; on the contrary, it may

be confidently asserted, that the advantage is on the part of the master, who is thus taught self-control, and society at large are also gainers by this subjugation of the demons of passion and violence in its midst. Champions of mercy are no longer diffident, and all classes of citizens promptly resent a wrong inflicted on an unoffending brute. The tender sensibilities of women shield them, and the authority of men in power and position is manifested in their behalf."

Officers of the New York Society.

President.—Henry Bergh.

Vice-Presidents.—John T. Hoffman, Henry W. Bellows, D. D., Peter Cooper, James Brown, Benjamin D. Hicks, George T. Trimble, Wm. H. Aspinwall, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Horace B. Clafin.

Executive Committee.—James T. Brady, Nicholas Ludlum, John D. Wolfe, N. P. Hosack, August Belmont, Wm. McMurray, Henry Bergh, Oliver H. Perry, Frank Leslie, Thomas C. Acton, John A. Kennedy, William H. Webb, John B. Murray, E. G. Squier, John Mudie.

Secretary.—N. P. Hosack.

Treasurer.—John B. Murray.

### The Lucky Drover.

Mr. Belson was a wealthy farmer, living in one of the midland counties, about eighty miles from London. He held a good deal of grazing land, and bred some of the best stock sold at Smithfield Market.

Farmer Belson and his beasts and sheep were well known in Smithfield; they bore a good character, for the breeds were first-rate, and the farmer a careful feeder. His two chief driving men, John Hartwell and James Clinch, were almost as well known as he was. Now both these men were honest fellows enough in their way, and tried, as well as they knew how, to take care of their master's interests. So he thought, at least.

But he had remarked one odd fact. Though both men had been many years employed as drovers, one about as long as the other, and though they were thought to have equal skill in managing stock, it so happened that the animals driven by Hartwell nearly always fetched higher prices than those driven by his chum—for they took it by turns to come to London—Hartwell one market day, Clinch the next. Hartwell's cattle seemed to arrive in better trim,—the butchers and buyers, at all events, thought so.

Farmer Belson could not make it out, for breed and feed were equal, and no difference was ever made in the quality of the animals intrusted to the two drovers; nor could the butchers make it out, but they saw that Hartwell's droves "came in" better, and they priced accordingly; nor for the matter of that, could Clinch make it out for a long time,—but he did so at last.

As Farmer Belson could not find a reason, he made one for himself. He vowed that Hartwell was a "lucky fellow"—as for Clinch, he could say nothing about him. He might mean as well, but he did not do so well as the other. So he raised Hartwell's wages, and made him quite his own man in the care of everything on the farm.

One winter, just a little before Christmas holiday time, the farmer was sending to town a great supply of fat animals—too great, indeed, to be managed by any one drover and his lad, so a kind of upper herdsman became necessary. An odd drover in Hartwell's place was hired for the journey up and Hartwell was put over both.

On setting out, they jogged forward pretty well for half a dozen miles, Clinch and his new mate swearing roundly now and then, and their dogs barking and baying at the cattle—sometimes for no earthly reason that one could see, unless for the mere love of barking and baying. Now and then, too, a dog would give a shrewd pinch in the ear to some unlucky sheep which had been going on quietly enough, but which on feeling the pinch, would scamper off every way but the right one, throw the whole flock into confusion, and bring about a scene of cursing and shouting, and starting and chasing,

and foaming and panting, and poking and goading, which certainly did no good either to man or beast.

It must be known that the dogs which Hartwell kept, to help him in guiding the cattle under his care, had always, at his desire, been left to his own charge. In fact, Clinch had his own dogs, and Hartwell also his own. Now Hartwell moved on for some time, looking at the doings I have been telling of, seeming to take no notice, but all the while taking a great deal. At last he stopped, and told the men to halt the cattle. When this was done, he called quietly to Clinch and pointing to one of the sheep, which had just been dragged back by the ear, from a scamper into which she had been frightened by a savage dog who now held the unhappy creature, gasping, in its fangs.

"Jem," said Jack Hartwell, "look at that sheep!"

"I see her," answered Clinch, "and a cross-grained brute she is. She's been 'off' thrice this morning."

"I think," said Hartwell, "she is not cross-grained. I think she is more frightened and worried."

"Frightened! stuff!" cried Clinch, "there is always something wrong with the brutes."

The men now drove on again, but the discourse did not close.

"The fact is, Jem," said Hartwell, "something is always wrong with the animals, because something is always wrong with your way of treating them. This time I must call on you to adopt my way, for I have charge of these beasts, and of our master's interest to-day; for the future I advise you to adopt the same plan, and you will soon find out the reason why my droves bring better prices than yours do—why I am so very lucky, while you are only as lucky as others—why I am a favorite man, and get nearly double your wages. I often before guessed the reason, but I never knew it so well as I do now. I'll tell you what—one-quarter of this running and shouting, and none at all of this poking and biting, and cudgelling, will answer as well and a deal better. What is wanting is, to guide the creatures without goading and wounding, bruising and frightening them—without driving them wild with fear, and raising a fever, and making them run double the distance before coming to the end of the tramp. My plan is always to use them as gently as I can, and I teach my dogs to do the same. They have learnt the trick long ago, and I warrant you, you can take the cattle up without making one of them much the worse for wear, if you will only take my mode, and be quiet and gentle with them instead of worrying the poor creatures half to death."

A good deal more was said on both sides, and though Clinch was not quite talked over to Hartwell's notions, the advice of the other was followed—that is, so far as it could be, seeing that all the dogs, except Hartwell's, being used to worrying and biting cattle, could not be fully kept from their old habit. However, when the drove arrived, both beasts and sheep were in much better condition than Clinch had been used to see his droves in, and he then began to think that there might be something in Jack Hartwell's secret of "luck."

When he next came up, after Christmas, he borrowed Hartwell's dogs and tried the "secret" for himself. It answered famously—from this time out the brutal spike sticks were laid aside, the dogs were taught to guide and not misguide, and there was now no need of goading and biting. Jem Clinch soon found that he had fallen in for a slice of his mate's "luck," and it was not very long before he became the second luckiest drover coming into Smithfield.

**AN ELEPHANT ON THE RAMPAGE.**—An elephant on exhibition at Plymouth, Ind., got so thirsty on Saturday night that he broke loose from his fastenings and started off in quest of a drink. He struck a "bee line" for the back yard of one of the citizens, crushing fences and small trees like egg shells. Coming to the cistern his elephantship commenced pumping without success, whereupon said pump and fixtures were torn up and thrown several rods. From thence Romeo struck out for the river, where he regaled himself in high glee.—*Journal.*

[Written for "Our Dumb Animals."]

### The Story of a Good and Faithful Horse.

TOLD BY HIMSELF TO A DEAR HUMAN FRIEND WHO UNDERSTOOD THE LANGUAGE OF HORSES.

My earliest recollections are of a rich and fragrant pasture in Massachusetts, where I played by my mother's side, drinking her warm milk, and learning by degrees to nibble the sweet grass. My long and slender legs grew gradually strong and reliable, and I soon began to cut capers, flinging my little heels high into the air, and now and then—having attempted more flourishes than I was equal to—tumbling in a heap on the soft turf. Then my mother would stop her grazing, and coming to me, pass her soft mouth over my body and limbs to assure herself of my safety, and advising me to be more careful in my practice, would leave me to rest and my own reflections. These were generally short, ending with some resolutions to take better care next time. I soon became expert in prancing and racing and kicking, and actually so vain of my performances that I longed for more spectators to admire and praise.

Now and then a group of school-boys would come and lean or sit upon the rails of the fence, and remark one to another upon my growth and improved appearance, wondering what color I should be when old enough to work. Now, they said, I was black, with many white hairs, and looked as if I should be a handsome dappled gray. You may wonder how I knew what they were saying, but my mother was an animal of large experience, and had learned the language of men, and in those early days was their interpreter to me.

Occasionally, a boy more ignorant or more rough and cruel than the rest, would throw a stone at me. But my mother was on the watch during these visits, and would interpose her large body as a shield, or present her heels or head to intruders in a warning way.

Upon the whole, the children of that neighborhood were kind and thoughtful, and had been taught to befriend and protect, rather than to persecute and abuse the various living creatures which God has made and placed within their control. Since those early days, I have found from some experience and much observation that many of the human race forget that He whose tender mercies are over all his works watches over us as well as over them; that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice; and that He is not well pleased when His inferior creatures are tortured and oppressed by those to whose care they have been intrusted.

In one corner of our pleasant pasture, our friend and master had erected a comfortable shed, to which we retreated in rainy weather, or when the heat was too great in the open field; and beneath it we slept when the nights became cooler and longer than those we had in June. For then the birds sang early and late, and the hours of darkness and silence were few.

The memory of those joyous songs is with me still, and I love to think of the charming feathered inhabitants of the woods and meadows. Many happy hours we spent in familiar association with them, watching the building of their cosy little nests; their joy over their newly hatched young; the care with which they fed and sheltered them, and their efforts to instruct them, to provide proper food for themselves, and to fly, when strong enough. Often, while grazing, we would come upon a tuft of grass longer and stronger than the rest, in which was carefully concealed a pretty little home, where four speckled or pure white eggs were treasured with tender care. How anxiously the brooding bird would watch our approach, and listen to the heavy tread of our feet drawing nearer and nearer. Perhaps my mouth would be open over her very head before she would start to fly, although her little heart was beating fast from fear. But just in time I would see the bright eye raised pleadingly to mine, and in a moment turning away my head from the tempting tuft, would leave her in safety and quiet. So I came to know where many nests were, and I must confess would sometimes mischievously look in upon and scare the wee, callow, chirping things, which were warned into life by the old bird's patient sitting, and which, having now broken the shells that held them, were asking incessantly for food. How I wondered at the

thousands of insects one such brood consumed, and thought to myself, if the farmers only knew or could realize how much good the birds do, in ridding their fields and fruit trees of injurious worms and bugs, they would willingly spare them a share of grain and fruit, and protect, instead of destroying them.

O, how we enjoyed the bob-o-link! the saucy, rollicking fellow who came with the clover, and went with the harvest; who made his plain little brown wife do so much of the work, while he did all the singing, glorying in his own melody, believing in his vain little heart that it must be happiness enough for any bird to be the chosen mate of such a glorious minstrel. What fun it was to see him, when the breakfast was half over, rush away from his task and resting upon the top twig of an alder or pepper bush, spread out his wings, and rustle his gay tail, and, gurgling out of his swelling throat, send forth a jubilant, boasting story of all that Robert of Lincoln had done, was doing, and would do when his family cares were over, and he should wing his way back to the rice fields of the sunny South. Bob was a gay bird, and we were sorry to see him go off.

The blackbirds, too, amused us much. Noisy, chattering, sociable and jolly, they would rise in flocks on an alarm from the corn-field, where they did much good, and, it must be confessed, some harm, and wheeling away in glittering circles, alight in our pasture, and, dividing their forces, form one group around my mother and one around me, and carefully watching the grasshoppers and crickets which sprang out of the way of our advancing teeth and feet, would seize and swallow them with incredible speed and dexterity. Now and then we witnessed with pained surprise some act of cruel piracy, perpetrated by one bird upon another. A fond and faithful mother, hurrying home with a delicious morsel for her young, was espied by a hawk who had been watching for his prey from some tall tree or thicket; with a parting thought, and scream of agony for the grief of her fond mate and unfledged little ones, her beating heart was stilled, and in a few moments a handful of her pretty feathers was all that was left to tell where and how she died. The sorrowful call of the father bird, and the mournful chirping of the starving children, would sadden us for hours. Then silence brooded over the late lively nest, and we knew that the pangs of hunger were over, and the poor little things were at rest. Who knows if they had not joined their good little mother in the paradise of birds?

The quails were our intimate friends. Early in June, or even the middle of May, the clear, quick call of "Bob White" would sound through the meadows, and soon we would find that a faithful and loving pair of these timid and beautiful birds had chosen a rich clover field just over the wall, out of our reach, but within our easy observation, for the development and shelter of their expected large family. One snowy white egg would first appear in the neatly formed nest on the ground; soon two; then three, four, seven, ten, twelve, fifteen were to be counted; and after a fortnight's incubation, fifteen pairs of bright eyes looked up, fifteen pairs of busy little feet moved, and before the egg shell was fairly off the downy, round bodies, the wee bit brown soft things were scudding away between the clover stems, and "Bob White," "Bob White," "White," was resounding from sunrise till evening. Then huddling all in a group over the old nest, with their tails to the centre, and a circle of live, beautiful heads turned towards the possible intruder, they with their parents slept the sleep of trusting innocence.

You may imagine our feelings when, after watching our charming young friends from the very egg; all through their downy beauty to feathered maturity, and the plump comeliness we delighted to observe; when we had so long rejoiced in their family joys and prosperity, and had breathed our congratulations to their parents on their success, some greedy, cowardly sportsman would come, and catching the sound of the father's alarm note, or a glimpse of the frightened, hiding covey, would break the sweet silence of meadow and grove with the report of his murderous gun, and, some killed, others maimed and wounded, the happiness of their brief life was over.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



We give a cut of the fountain in use in New York City, Chelsea and other places. It speaks for itself. We are working assiduously with our city government to have some of these fountains erected in Boston. Success is a duty, and we expect to succeed.

### Cheap Pleasure.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man: pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face: say "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

### Anecdote of a Dog.

More than eight years ago, a poor man named Gray died and was buried in the old Grey Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. His grave is now levelled by time, and nothing marks it. But the spot was not forgotten by his faithful dog. James Brown, the old curator, remembers the funeral well, and that Bobby was one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. James found the dog lying on the grave the next morning, and, as dogs are not admitted, he turned him out. The second morning, the same; the third morning, though cold and wet, there he was, shivering. The old man took pity on him, and fed him. This convinced the dog that he had a right there. Sergeant Scott allowed him his board for a length of time, but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Trail, who keeps a restaurant close by. Bobby is regular in his calls, being guided by the mid-day gun. On the occasion of the new dog tax being raised, Mr. Trail was called upon to pay for Bobby. He would have done so had the dog acknowledged him as his master, but he would attach himself to no one. On hearing the facts of



Fountain in use in New York, Chelsea and other places.

the case, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him, and to mark his admiration of fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar, with brass nails, and an inscription:—"GREY FRIARS' BOBBY, presented to him by the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, 1867." A lady has written the following song, which is called "Grey Friars' Bobby to his Friends."

I hear them say 'tis very long,  
That years have come and gone,  
Since first they put my master here,  
And went and left him lone;  
I could not and I did not go,  
For all they vexed me sore,  
And said so bold that they nor I  
Should ever see him more.

I know he's near me all the while,  
And I will see him yet;  
For all my life he tended me,  
And now he'll not forget.  
Some blithesome day I'll hear his step,  
There'll be no kindred near;  
For all they went they went away,  
But he shall find me here.

Is time so long?—I do not mind;  
Is't cold?—I cannot feel;  
He's near me, and he'll come to me,  
And so 'tis very well.  
I thank ye all that are so kind,  
And feed me every day;  
Ye're very good, but ye're not him,—  
Ye'll not wile me away.

I'll wait and hope!—do ye the same;  
For once I heard that ye  
Had aye a Master that ye loved,  
And yet ye might not see;  
A MASTER, too, that cared for ye,  
(O, sure ye will not flee!)  
That's wearying to see ye now—  
Ye'll not be worse than me?

### Fish.

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds' weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry, he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull, and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over, he plunged into the pond. At first, his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left, until he again leaped out of the water.

I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond, and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay I examined the wound, and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

The following day, I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam towards me, as before.

Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and wild as ever."

Mr. Bergh sends us the following sample of letters he is receiving:—

CAMPVILLE, N. Y., August 2, 1868.

MR. BERGH,—Dear Sir: As you are the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I beg to call your attention to the fact, that the live stock on the Erie, and I doubt not, on other railroads, are kept without food and drink for periods far beyond what humanity would sanction. My attention has been particularly called to the subject this day, (Sunday,) from information derived from the landlord of the hotel where I presently am.

This village, Campville, is about fifteen miles east of Binghamton, on the Erie Railroad, and is a regular stopping place for cattle trains, the men getting meals and refreshments in the hotel; this day, about fifty drovers and railroad men having breakfasted there. The landlord informs me that the cattle get no food or drink from Buffalo to New York, and that sometimes they don't get any even at Buffalo on their way from the West; that the oxen lie down exhausted in the cars, and then the drovers, with long staffs tipped with iron prongs, stick them into the prostrate animals, and when that is insufficient, get them hoisted on their feet by ropes from the roof of the car. Now, all this is very shameful, and quite unnecessary. The hotel landlord tells me there is a law against this.

As I know you are interested in this department of humanity, I have confidence in addressing you this note.

WM. A. GORDON.

**Truth.**

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the "Albany State Register." He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered,

"No, sir."

She thought that he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "You have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and inno-

cent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony it was all scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

**Dogs.**

[From Publications of London Society]

A large dog belonging to the late Mr. Bidley, of Hetton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its continual barking, at last took it up in its mouth, and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any other injury to an enemy so much his inferior.

A gentleman of Whitmore, in Staffordshire, used to leave his terrier in charge with the landlady of the inn at St. Albans, lest he should lose him if he brought him to London. Once on his return, calling as usual for his dog, the landlady told him, with a woeful countenance, that he was lost. "Our great house-dog and he," said she, "had a quarrel, and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten that I thought he never could recover. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and nobody saw him for a week; he then returned, and brought with him another dog, bigger by far than mine, and they both fell on our great dog, and bit him so unmercifully that he has scarcely been able to go about the yard or to eat his food. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen in St. Albans." The gentleman heard the story with patience, and endeavored to reconcile himself to his loss. On his arrival at Whitmore he found his terrier; and upon inquiry, was informed that he had come home and had coaxed away the great dog, who it seems had accompanied him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

For the correctness of the following we can vouch of our own knowledge, and the fact recorded in it approaches nearer to the reasoning faculty in the animal than any other we remember to have heard. A favorite spaniel was occasionally left by his mistress to the care of a maid-servant, at a house in Hampshire, not far from Hertford Bridge. On such occasions he had always been well taken care of, till the old servant being replaced by a new one, she neglected him, and instead of the good fare he had been accustomed to, she threw him a raw sheep's head.

When his mistress returned home, after expressing unusual joy at seeing her, the dog disappeared, but presently returned with the sheep's head in his mouth, which he brought into the drawing-room, where he had never been in the habit of coming before, and throwing it at his mistress' feet in a most offensive state, from the length of time it had been kept, gave her a most significant look.

The dog had in fact buried the sheep's head in the ground, whence he was seen to scrape it up, when he quitted his mistress soon after her arrival. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion, from the whole of his conduct, but that he anticipated the return of his mistress, and the exposure of the servant for the ill fare he had received from her.

"Do all the good you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
And as long as you can."

**The Pig and the Dog.**

A pig and a dog on board a ship on the voyage from India to London were very good friends; they ate out of the same plate, walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they quarrelled about was their lodging. Toby, the dog, had a very nice kennel; the pig had nothing of the sort. Now piggy did not see why Toby should be better housed of a night than he. So every night there was a struggle to see who should get into the kennel first. If the dog got in, he showed his teeth, and the other had to look out for other lodgings; if the pig gained possession, the dog could not turn him out, but waited for revenge next time. One evening it was very boisterous, the sea was running high, and it was raining very hard. The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks; at length it was so unpleasant that he thought the best thing he could do was to go and secure his berth for the night, though it yet wanted a good time to dusk. But when he came to the kennel, there was Toby safely housed; he had had the same idea as to the state of the weather as the pig. "Umph! umph!" grunted piggy, as he looked up to the black sky; but Toby did not offer to move. At last the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn as if to see where he might find a warm corner for the night. Presently he went to that part of the vessel where the tin plate was lying that they ate their victuals off. He took the plate in his mouth, and carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some distance from the kennel; then, turning his tail toward the dog, he began to make a noise as if he was eating out of the plate. "What!" thinks Toby; "has piggy got some potatoes there?" and he pricked up his ears, and looked hard toward the plate. "Champ! champ!" goes the pig, and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby could stand this no longer—victuals! and he not there! Out he ran, and, thrusting the pig on one side, pushed his cold nose into the empty plate. The pig turned tail in a twinkling, and before Toby knew whether there was any meat in the plate or not, he was snug in the kennel, laughing at Toby's simplicity.—*Children's Picture Book.*

**How are Animals Treated in Hindostan?**

The Hindoo saint extends hospitality alike to friends and enemies. When he eats he shares his food with whatever creature presents itself. He refrains from honey from reluctance to deprive bees of their nourishment. He will not eat flesh because he shrinks from causing the death of any animal. He avoids lighting a candle at night lest insects should be drawn into the flame; and he filters the water he drinks lest he should incautiously swallow some creature. Hindoos will die rather than taste beef,—a fact which has been often proved on board vessels where all the provisions were expended except salt beef. Indeed all animals have a degree of sacredness to a devout Hindoo. Those that subsist on vegetables are supposed to be favored by divine beings. They believe every animal is endowed with thought and memory, and has some mode of communicating ideas to its own species. At Surat is a Banian hospital where diseased and aged animals are watched with tenderest care. Kindness towards animals inculcated in all the sacred books, and everywhere practised, as a religious duty, forms a lovely feature in Asiatic religions which Christianity would do well to imitate. True it is founded on sympathy produced by belief in the transmigration of souls. But a friendly relation between men and animals is beautiful and good, and though Christians do not believe the soul of an ancestor may have passed into a horse, they might practise humanity from a higher motive. Tenderness towards the dumb creatures of God would harmonize with the spirit of the religion they profess; and to acquire it they merely need to apply the first and most obvious rule of natural religion: "How should I like to be treated if I were a horse?"—*Progress of Religious Ideas, by Lydia Maria Child.*



*The Open Door.*

Within a town of Holland once

A widow dwelt, 'tis said,  
So poor, alas! her children asked  
One night, in vain, for bread.

But this poor woman loved the Lord,  
And knew that he was good;  
So, with her little ones around,  
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,  
A boy of eight years old,  
Said softly, "In the holy book,  
Dear mother, we are told  
How God, with food by ravens brought,  
Supplied his prophet's need."  
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,  
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again  
What he has done before;  
And so, to let the birds fly in,  
I will uncloze the door."  
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,  
Threw open the door full wide,  
So that the radiance of their lamp  
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,  
And noticing the light,  
Paused to inquire why the door  
Was open so at night.  
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"  
The widow, smiling, said,  
"That ravens might fly in and bring  
My hungry children bread."

Indeed! the burgomaster cried,  
Then here's a raven, lad;  
Come to my home and you shall see  
Where bread may soon be had."  
Along the street to his own house  
He quickly led the boy,  
And sent him back with food that filled  
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk  
Went to the open door,  
Looked up, said, "Many thanks good Lord,"  
Then shut it fast once more.  
For though no bird had entered in,  
He knew that God on high  
Had harkened to his mother's prayer,  
And sent this full supply.

*Mr. Townsend's Walks and Conversations with his Children.*

[Published by the Pennsylvania Society.]

"What a bright and beautiful afternoon it is," said Mr. Townsend to his three children, who were busily engaged in looking over some picture books their mother had given them a short time before. "Come here on the balcony, my dear children, and see how clear the sky is, and how soft and balmy the air. If God has made everything so charming and attractive in this world, how beautiful heaven must be, and how happy he who has always before his eyes this bright prospect of future happiness. Come, John, you and William get your hats, and put on your bonnet, my dear little Mary, and let us take a walk through the fields, and gather some wild flowers for mother, which we will put into a vessel of water when we return, and set them in the middle of the table at supper time. You know she is so fond of wild flowers, and will be so thankful."

Away ran John, and William and Mary, and in a second were back again all ready, with light hearts and buoyant spirits, to accompany their father in his walk. They had not proceeded far before the children were all busily engaged in making up their bouquet for mother, in which Mr. Townsend assisted, and having collected a large quantity of flowers sat

down on the hillside to arrange them prettily for the table on their return home.

"Oh dear!" said Mary, "see what a nasty bug is crawling on this pretty flower! do kill it, father, or it will get into my clothes! Look! here is another! Stop! I will mash them with the heel of my shoe."

"Stay, my dear child," said Mr. Townsend, "never destroy any of God's creatures. Remember that these little bugs have feeling as well as we, and if we kill them we shall cause a pain as great as if a robber were to come out of the woods yonder and kill us. These bugs were made for some wise purpose, and even if we had no hearts to feel for acts of cruelty, we have no right to destroy any living creature, for everything has an equal right to live. I knew a boy, some years ago, whose great delight was to tear off the legs and wings of flies, which in time so hardened his heart that he went in pursuit of larger insects to destroy them; and when he grew older he beat and killed his dogs, and then his horses, and finally he raised his hand against his fellow-man, and committed murder. Oh, what a dreadful end he had! He was put in jail, tried for his life, convicted, and hung. And so it is, my dear children, with all such acts of cruelty. We should be very careful not to take away the life of anything. God's eye is upon all his works; and we are told that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without his notice. And if you had killed these poor bugs He would have seen your cruelty and remembered it, and probably at some period of your life have punished you for the act."

"Indeed, father," said Mary, "I will never kill anything as long as I live. Run away little bugs, I won't hurt you, and as you like this pretty flower I'll give it to you. I am so glad I did not kill you; if I had it would have made me very unhappy and very sad when I handed the flowers to mother."

"Come, let us walk on my dear children," said Mr. Townsend, "the afternoon is passing away, and we have a long walk before us. I am going to take you to yonder grove, where there is a cool spring, and where the birds sing so sweetly among the branches."

"Oh, yes, father," said William, "I am glad you are going there, for I am very thirsty, and would give the world for a drink of cool water."

As they approached the grove the children ran before their father, and soon reached the spring, and stooping down thrust their little hands into the water, and conveyed it to their mouths. In the meantime Mr. Townsend came up and joined the children in a refreshing draught, after which he pointed out the different varieties of forest trees, and particularly the majestic oak, of which he said there were in America twenty-eight varieties.

"Father," said John, "did you ever see a live oak; that must be a very curious tree,"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Townsend, "I have seen the live oak in great perfection down South, in the neighborhood of Savannah, in Georgia, where it grows to a large size. It is a beautiful tree, and one of the most useful of all the trees. It remains in foliage all the year through, and its spreading branches afford a delightful shade in the hot months of summer. The live oak is the most valuable and useful of all the varieties of timber, and from its extreme durability is much used in building ships and other things where strength and durability are required."

At this moment a sportsman came up with his gun on his shoulder and a number of birds tied by the legs which he had shot through the day.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed William and John in great excitement, "how we should like to have a gun; won't you buy us a gun? don't you think we are old enough to shoot a gun? I know how to load it," said John, "and I think I could take pretty good aim; oh, father, please buy us a gun! how much better it would be to carry mother a bunch of birds for supper than all these useless flowers."

"My dear boys," said Mr. Townsend, "it is very natural that you should wish to have a gun. When I was young I sometimes went shooting birds. One day I fired into a flock of robins that had lighted upon a cedar bush to eat the berries they are so fond of. I killed more than a dozen, and I was very proud of my success. The next day as I was passing the same place with my gun for another shot, I heard a

mournful chirping of birds among the bushes, and I looked further into the cause of this singular noise. Oh, my dear children, I shall never forget the sight; on the branches were poor little wounded birds, some with their legs shot off, some without eyes or bills, and some with their feathers bloody from wounds received in their bodies. Oh, I cannot describe to you my feelings when I thought that I was the author of all this suffering; I would have given my gun and all that I had about me to relieve some of these poor little suffering birds, but I could only kill them, and went away with tears in my eyes at seeing so sad a sight. When I reached home I drew the load from my gun and made a resolve that I would never shoot a bird again; and from that day to this, now nearly thirty years, I have never fired a gun."

"Oh, father!" said little Mary, with her eyes full of tears, and her heart deeply touched by the sad story her father had just recited, "I am so sorry you told me that story, it has made me feel so badly. Do you think that cruel sportsmen would shoot my darling canary bird, that sings for us so sweetly, if he were to leave his cage and fly away to the woods. Oh, it would break my heart to see him wounded, or lying dead on the ground."

"My dear children," said Mr. Townsend, "there are many cruel boys and men too who spend their holidays in roaming about the country at all seasons of the year in pursuit of what they call game; they shoot down every bird that they see, and would kill your canary bird also if he chanced to cross their path. This is very wrong and naughty, and these thoughtless boys and men ought to know that killing birds only for amusement is a great sin. God has made some birds to cheer us with their sweet music; others to attract our admiration with their beautiful and variegated plumage; others again He designed for scavengers, to rid the atmosphere in our walks of unpleasant odors; others are made to destroy vermin, and to protect our trees and grain fields from worms and insects that prey upon and injure them; and others are intended for food; it is only this latter description of birds that sportsmen ought to kill. It is a great sin, as I have said, to kill birds that are not fit for food; and boys that indulge in such sport should be severely reprimanded, and their parents or teachers ought to make them know better. These same cruel boys will climb the trees and rob the poor birds of their eggs and young, and never think of the pain they inflict. Birds have very great love for their young, and become almost frantic when they see them in danger. Don't you remember the Jenny Wren that built her nest in the honeysuckle before the door, how anxious she was last summer when the workmen were painting the lattice-work on the veranda? Birds have also thought as well as feeling. I was reading a short time ago a very pretty and interesting story of a sparrow, in finding on her return to her nest a stranger bird there; being unable to drive out the intruder, she went off and brought a number of other sparrows with her, and they went to work and collected a quantity of clay, and carried it in their bills to the nest, and stopped up the entrance and buried the enemy alive; this shows thought, and birds that can communicate their grievances to other birds must have also a reasoning faculty; and the care they evince for their young proves that they have feeling and a heart susceptible of pleasure and pain. But the sun is going down and we must retrace our steps. Collect up all your flowers, my dear children, we shall not have time to gather more, as it will be dark before we reach home. Come, I'll take you by a nearer road so that we may not be too late, and save your mother from any fears she may entertain about us. And off they all started, Mr. Townsend talking on the way about the clear sky and beautiful sun which was fast approaching the horizon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**PORTUGUESE METHOD OF SLAYING CATTLE**—The butcher stands in front of the animal, holding the right horn in his left hand, passes a sharp-pointed knife, about six inches in the blade, over its brow, through the vertebrae of the neck into the spine, and in an instant it is dead.—*Extract from Tract on Cruelty to Animals.*

**Acknowledgments.**

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received, since the last report, the following donations. From—

J. Robinson, E. B. Otis, W. B. Bacons, B. F. Spinney, M. Eacott, and Percy King, each \$10.	\$60 00
C. H. Hackett, T. B. Mackey, J. R. Bradford, R. Farley, W. H. S. Jordan, Wm. Bassett, E. W. Hoyt, H. H. Wilder, A. Frye, A. Lawrence, D. G. Leavitt, H. R. Barker, J. Gates, A. L. Brooks, W. E. Livingston, and Mrs. F. S. Veazie, each \$5.	80 00
Total,	\$140 00

**Animals that Chew the Cud.**

Ruminating animals gather their food rapidly, give it a few cuts with the teeth and swallow it. It goes to an interior receptacle, where it is moistened; this is very essential if it be dry hay. When the animal has filled himself, he masticates the food thus stowed away in his stomach, raising it cud by cud. When a portion is completely masticated, it passes to another receptacle, and the progress of digestion goes on. Thus an ox, if left to himself, will raise and masticate all his food thus stowed away in his stomach. If he be pushed and worked hard, and does not have time to masticate, he falls off in flesh, his health is poor, his digestion incomplete.

The horse, on the contrary, however much in a hurry he may be, must masticate each mouthful before he swallows it. A hungry ox, let into a meadow, will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want at least an hour and twenty minutes to take the same amount of grass. The ox, deer, sheep, goat, chamois and rabbit, being the natural prey of ferocious beasts, are endowed with the extra stomach in which hastily to stow away the food without mastication. This may, perhaps, be regarded as a wise provision of Nature, enabling them to sally forth where the food is plenty, and in a short time fill themselves and retire to a place of safety to ruminate their food at their leisure.

**Water for Dogs.**

There is great neglect in not providing water for dogs in hot weather, or when they have been overheated, which no doubt is the cause of frequent hydrophobia. They do not throw off their heat by perspiration like many other animals, but from panting and throwing out the tongue. There are many dogs kept in Portugal, yet I understand there are not many instances of hydrophobia, although the climate is much hotter than ours. It is there understood to be a municipal regulation to cause troughs or other vessels to be provided near each house containing a supply of water. There would be little fear of dogs going mad were they regularly supplied with water, unless bit by some other animal.—*English Publication.*

**Grass for Horses.**

Many think that horses that are kept in the stable all summer should not be allowed to eat grass. They think it will make the horse soft, wishy-washy, and that it will throw him out of condition for hard work. This is particularly the case with some of the trainers of trotting and running horses. And horses that are kept up for farm and other work are refused grass, because their drivers think they will not eat hay so well. This was formerly the case, more than it is now. But these are all erroneous opinions and practices, and are giving way gradually, to a more reasonable and natural system of feeding.

Grass is the natural food of the horse. It is cooling and healthful food. It keeps the bowels open and sharpens the appetite. It promotes digestion and removes fever from the system. Therefore, by all means, let the horses nip grass fifteen or twenty minutes daily. Whether training for trotting or running it will be attended with the highest benefit. The horse will lose none of his speed by such a course of treatment. Horses that are kept up the year round for farm work should certainly be allowed a nice nibble at grass every day.—*Ex.*

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**OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.**

- 1st. To enforce the law.
- 2d. To invite all persons throughout the State to report cases of undoubted cruelty.
- 3d. To pay rewards to persons who, acting for the Society, shall secure conviction and punishment in such cases, or furnish the Society with evidence to enable them to do it.
- 4th. To employ persons to investigate, arrest and prosecute for the Society.
- 5th. To see that animals lost or abandoned be properly taken care of or mercifully killed.
- 6th. To introduce better methods of transportation and butchering of animals.
- 7th. To encourage improvements and inventions to increase the comfort and value of animals.
- 8th. To gather information in regard to existing abuses and their remedies, and the proper treatment of animals both in sickness and in health, and to send the same, if possible, into every family of the State.
- 9th. To give rewards to persons, such as authors, teachers, inventors, police officers, drivers, teamsters, butchers, farm servants, etc., who shall be distinguished for humanity towards animals, or for efforts to improve their condition and to prevent cruelty to them.

By so doing, to abolish from this Commonwealth, cruel beating, overloading, overdriving, overworking, starving, or abandoning to starve, working old, sick or maimed animals unfit for labor, the plucking of live fowls, cruel methods of butchering, shearing of sheep sent to market in early spring, cruel methods of transportation, unnecessary dissections of living animals, and all other forms of cruelty which now are or may hereafter be practised in this State.

All sums of money may be sent to or left with the Secretary or Agent of the Society, or their sub-agents. Certificates of membership or receipts will be given, bearing the seal of the Society and signed by the President or Treasurer, and the names of donors will be published in the next issue of this paper.

All persons not receiving their certificates of membership or receipts, are requested to notify the President of the same.

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Active Annual Members are constituted by the payment of . . . . .	10 00
Associate Life Members are constituted by the payment of . . . . .	50 00
Associate Annual Members are constituted by the payment of . . . . .	5 00
Patrons are those who yearly pay not less than . . . . .	1 00

For all money paid to canvassers for this paper, or sent to the Secretary, receipts will be forwarded with the next number of the paper.

**True Courtesy.**

Real courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms only in the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age, who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms; show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family; show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman.

**CONVERSION OF DEAD ANIMALS INTO MANURE.**

—At the present time in France entire bodies of animals are subjected to the action of dilute hydrochloric acid, by means of which they are completely dissolved, including the bones, and converted into a uniform pulp, which is inodorous, and can be kept for any length of time, to be applied when needed towards fertilizing the soil.—*Ploughman.*



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